

A Comical 1485 w 167

DIALOGUE

Between 1485 w 16

D^R. Oates,

AND

William Fuller,

Relating to both their Misfortunes, &c.

WITH

Dr. Oates's second Letter to Fuller, in
the Fleet Prison.

WITH

FULLER's Answer thereto.

Licensed according to Order.

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street, 1702.



A

*Dialogue between Dr. Oates,
and William Fuller, &c.*

Oates. **W**Hat the Devil, is all your high flown Impudence and presumption come to this? Why here's a damnable fall, from being a supposed Favourite at Court, to be afraid of the Cart, sure never such a Blockheadly Dolt was never heard of.

Fuller. Pray good Mr Dr. don't unsult too much over a poor Man's approaching sufferings, but look back a tittle upon your own; when it was your turn to be Whip'd, I out of Civility let you alone, and when it falls to my share, I'll go as please, therefore meedle with your own business.

Oates. Nay, take it and Welcome, I am sure you deserve it ten times more than ever I did, and my prayers shan't be wanting, to encrease the number of your Stripes: But I cannot but be a little concern'd at the foolish and ridiculous progress you made in your pretended Discoveries; I am sure none but mad Men and Fools gave any Credit to you, from the begining of your sham foundation, to the confusion of it.

Fuller

Fuller. Yes Dr. and a great deal more than
 as given to your imaginary discription of Don
 John of Austrey, to be a little short fair hair'd
 Man, when the King himself knew him to be of a
 quite contrary Stature and Complexion, besides
 your nonsensical Evidence about the screw'd Guns
 and Silver Bullets, Spanish Pilgerams and what not;
 therefore good Charitable Dr. if ever you was so,
 intend to be so, leave off reflections, every Man
 has his failings, your ill luck in Plot making, and
 in Bastard making, and when all's done, there
 isn't a T--d to chuse in neither of us.

Oates. I don't blame thee for thy endeavo-
 rs, but for your ignorance in the true ma-
 nagement, I made a Plot, its true, but then
 I had stuff to work upon, and wanted for
 either Tools nor Materials to bring it to per-
 fections; but you like a damnable hairbrained
 doggerhead, ran headlong about it without
 considering the consequence, for who but Im-
 pudent Fuller wou'd a had the Face of Brass,
 put it to the test of both Houses of Parlia-
 ment, when any Man with half an Eye might
 have seen a Rogue in every line of your Im-
 pudent Pamphlets.

Fuller. Ay, and the like may be found in your
 undering Narrative, Paragrah 19, concerning
 the Pickering's Loose Flinted Pistol; I tell you Dr.
 we are so like one another that the Devil, as cun-
 ing as he is, will hardly distinguish us, if he should
 have occasion for one before another, therefore let

us have a care how we fall out, least honest Men by that means come by their Goods, for that's the consequence of the Old Proverb, when Knaves are at variance.

Oates. All that ever I blame you for, is that not having sense enough of your own, you did not communicate it to those who had more experience in Villany; for let me tell ye you happen'd upon a very hopeful subject but who the Devil put it into your shallow Pate, is a Riddle to me, unless Lucifer himself did it, to recover some of his old Arrear for your Counterfet Bills of Exchange, and for being pretended Commissioner in the North of England.

Fuller. What the Plague would you have my Body do, when you know well enough, I was forced upon it, by a Company of as illeterate Blockheads as my self, and the Money came tumbling so fast it quite blinded my Judgment; and who the Devil would a thought but (at this time of day) any thing would have pass'd muster, without Evidence, otherwise I could but have made bould with some of yours and the business had been done: But since it is too late for that, I must be forc'd to make the best of a bad market.

Oates. Z---ns was ever such a hopeful project as this mangled and abused at this rate had I been in thy Cloathes, I could have hatch'd a Legion of Jones's Inglefield in half the time, that would have valued Damnation no more

more than Smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco, and
 could have made no more to have Sworn
 through an Inch Board upon Occasion than
 you would have scrupled to have Cheated a
 Colonel of Two Hundred Guineas, or to
 take the Burthen of a Maidenhead from a
 young Female, at *Portsmouth*, when she wan-
 ted a Customer for it.

Fuller, *Well Doctor I believe as much, and I*
sure you when I have occasion for Witness again,
shall be my Proctor, and Counsellor also; but
you know all Liers are not qualified alike with
good Memories, tho they ought to be so gifted;
at this I can say for my self, what I want in
Quality, is made up in Quantity, viz. a suffici-
ent stock of Impudence, which I still keep in spite
of the Devil and all his Works.

Oates. Well I plainly see that a Lier may
 speak truth sometimes, and if your Back part
 was but as well lin'd with Steel, as your Face
 with Brass, you might allow all the Whip-
 pangers in Christendom to have a Lash at it,
 and defy them to boot.

Fuller. Indeed Mr. Oates we ought to shake
 hands, for no two Brothers in the World, (except
 twins with one Head) if such a Monster was ever
 in Nature, can Parrallel two such Bretheren in
 Fickedness as we have been, only herein we dif-
 fer, you the Wonder of three Governments, and
 only the Scorn of one; but in the main, we agree
 in both Gheats; but which of us are the great-
 est

*est others must Judge now, for no body will believe
nither you nor I.*

Oates. Nay, Sr. I woun't stand with you upon such Nicities; but laying aside Reflections, pray between you and I, what did you mean, to desire a Commission to fetch *James* from *Wales*, with a partie of Horse, when the Day before in your Letter to the Speaker, you affirm'd him near *London*; was ever such a Blunder perform'd by one who pretended to baffle a whole Kingdom, and rifle and unlock Queens Cabbinets, and find out no body knows what in an invisible Warming-pan. dropped from Mrs. *Gray*, the Devil knows how? No, none but impudent *Fuller*, ridiculous *Fuller*, odious and scandalous *Fuller*, would have attempted such a medley of Nonsense and Contradiction.

Fuller. Pray Doctor forbare this passionate way of Arguing, if you and I should repeate all our own Villanies, and no more than what all the Kingdom knows of, setting aside our private failings of Buggary, &c. Vices too much us'd at your end of the Town, we might talke while we were both Chap fallen, and sit down without revailing the one Thousand part of what we have been guilty of.

Oates. Why truely, I think so too, for the Town rings enough of Rogury already, without any more of *Fullerism*, or *Oatism* to augment the Confusion; therefore I would have you draw

aw to a Conclusion, for I hear a dismal
 ise of *Anabaptists* Women in the Street, rea-
 you to have a fling at me, but I intend to
 flecti heat them all by going out at the back
 I you por.

Fuller, *Nay, I dare turn you Loose for that,*
 by the way *Mr. Oates, pray let me beg the*
 our of you, to speak to J. P. to *Canonnize me in*
 such Almanack in red Letters, as you were, and
 ed to fire him to sum up the the Strokes exactly and put
 lock on Record, I haveing as much right as you to
 now for who knows, but my Sufferings may be look'd
 drop on by Knaves and Fools to be Pressecutions as
 No, y did by yours, and in so doing I shall remain
 uller, assured Friend William Fuller.

ve at Oates. Well Sr. I will try for once what
 Con y be done, but I doubt 'twill be in vain,
 it seemes he has left me out since he heard
 ion. at u stood so fair for the Place, and indeed
 ll our ould he put down such Sufferers as we are,
 ll the Kallendar would be F U L L E R of Sin-
 e fail- rs than Saints, besides he wou'd want room
 t your Write the Distruction of the French King,
 were t the Ruin of his Grandson, the King of
 ailing in, and who wou'd hinder such a glorious
 guilty ork as that, do you think?

Fuller. *No by no means, I had rather be Buried*
Oblivion than such a thing should be neglected:
t hold! one Word more and I have done, you
me in a Letter yesterday that King Charles
Second, told his Parliament, that your Plot
was

was laid as deep as Hell, and desired them
 search to the Bottom of it; I have nothing to
 to the remarks you made upon it, concerning
 small visit to the Devil about it, but in Answer
 thereto I say, that if your Plot was as deep
 Hell mine is beyond it, for neither the Devil
 I can find it out, or at least make any thing of
 so that its plain Proof, I have out done Oates
 some things, tho not in all.

Oates. As to the deepness of it, or at least
 the design thereof, I have nothing to Object
 but I am sure 'twas managed but with very
 shallow Head-pieces; otherwise such an un-
 dertaking could never have miscarried
 under such a Blockhead as rediculous
 Nature so darkens their Reason, that almost
 all their Transactions, as well as this, are
 compounded medley of Ignorance, Envy, and
 Revenge; without any ground Sence, or pro-
 bable circumstance: For all your Books
 pretended Letters and Depositions had
 much of a Fuller in them that any body, ex-
 cept a natural Changeling or mad Man, might
 perceive who invented them: So that I
 knowlege you not only out strip'd me
 Impudence, but many degrees beyond me
 Ignorance also, for which the Devil owes
 thee a shame and now he'll pay it with Interest



FINIS.